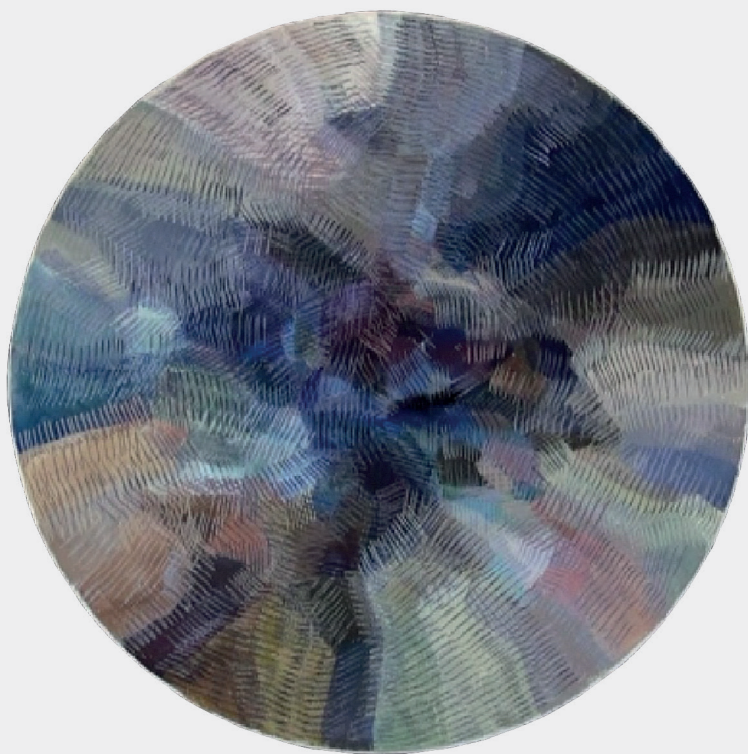


Vision Logos-Lobes-Limbs Stones and Color

Loredana Müller



Vision Logos-Lobes-Limbs Stones and Color

Art is the philosophy of making-generating vision

Loredana Müller

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Editor's Note

Márcia Nascimento
& Nuno Costa

This issue is dedicated to Loredana Müller, artist based in Ticino who generously accepted our invitation to publish a set of five unedited texts around thoughts that go along with her extensive pictorial work.

If it was necessary to have a single reason for their inclusion in this collection, we would say that it would be either the fact that her work reflects her deep interest in nature, after all, a common denominator of all these little publications. However, this time the subject is not only the physical interest in nature but rather a spiritual approach to it as Werner Weick tells us in the documentary dedicated to her work entitled "I colore della mia terra".

An interest without intermediation, taking materials directly from nature to transform them directly with her own hands and making them reappear with another meaning and vibration...

...starting from nature, to evade from it.

Without intermediation is also her permanent and intense dialogue between arts and artists. A new way of looking at our contemporary culture, as it is written at the front door of his own gallery called Areapangeart,¹ and which we also want to emphasize here. Only thanks to this approach, it would be possible for an artist of her significance to accept to participate in this dialogue of thoughts that Kärjäkäivet intends to be.

One last acknowledgement to our common friend, the architect Roi Carrera, without whom this issue would never have been possible. About his cooperation in this and other issues, we will always have to thank him for allowing us to take a glance into rooms that we always wanted, but never managed to enter. Rooms where he moves freely and completely at ease.²

1. "I believe that every painter should have his own small gallery where he can show his paintings to the world and every musician should have his concert room and every filmmaker his small cinema where to show their films and the most beloved films of the past and every writer his small publishing house with which to print his novels. Thus, without intermediaries, a new, vast and unstoppable culture could be born." Silvano Agostini

2. Free allusion to Ingmar Bergman words on the discover of Andrei Tarkovski: "Suddenly, I found myself standing at the door of a room the keys of which had, until then, never been given to me. It was a room I had always wanted to enter and where he was moving freely and fully at ease".



Tree, detail of a canvas 200 x 200 cm.

© Loredana Müller. Fresco and graphite on Yucca

Vision Logos-Lobes-Limbs Stones and Color

- Tree

Loredana Müller, Artist

I think that together with the dream of flying, as a child I liked climbing trees.

I talked to them, and that ascension was like having discussions and asking questions and receiving mysterious answers. The tree reminds me of the most ductile people, who know what they are doing. They stand, and with an apparent slowness and sobriety they overcome all adversities.

I have always loved and felt the animation of the plant kingdom, as well as of these surprising presences. That loyalty expressed by the smallest branch, similarly to the oldest oak, that similarity to the human limbs, to the fingers that move and make. To the arms, to the body, without vertices but filled directions.

I have always had gardens around me, with immense trees, and the younger I was the more I liked their amplitude, some of them thin in winter but like clouds then with the leaves, and all their variety of movements and foliage.

That page-leave of theirs, which is like a manifesto of their tensions and their movements, distributed differently by their conditions and needs.

The same terminology that speaks of that infinite book which is the circle of time, which is walked through point by point without wondering which stretch are we carrying out.

It fascinates me to see them born from a seed, I like to plant them – they will become future trees – and perceive them as saplings and consider what journey they make and will make.

I love their knots, the way they spread the racemes, those spaces that are always articulated differently. Those voids that represent an infinitesimal mathematics of reception, there is no leaf that does not receive its sunlight, and that silent feeding and giving flowers and fruits. Those gems and that revealing capture you, and you contemplate different periods of the year.



Numinous, 100 x 100 cm. 2021

© Loredana Müller. Lichens and ink finished in egg tempera-on iris paper on wood.

They have beautiful names, with sometimes onomatopoeic sounds, they carry their nature in their womb.

The Coniferous, Plane-tree, Ash, Chestnut, Walnut, Oak, Linden, Maple and Beech and Ginkgo... and so on... they have the incredible sonority that reminds of times and evoke perfumes, the names of fruit trees...and suddenly you perceive the fruit and sometimes we forget its viaticum. I have always liked to draw them, it is like taking a walk, recognizing the main path and having a map of an entire possibility of perceiving and looking at something that is never the same. With graphite it is like looking for their breath, there, in the traces-tissues which seem to me dances of direction and volumes. I also like to catch anomalies, when a branch seems to protrude more, or how it joins or binds to the nearby tree for whatever reason.

Sometimes it seems to me that they are in communion with each other, or tell each other or perhaps they weave a better world. Yes, life would definitely be emptier without trees, I embrace them and I like to stop under their branches, but even more admire them, and perceived them as a very detailed novel at every moment.



Green earth Mythologem, 100 x 100 cm. 2021

© Loredana Müller. Dirt and oxides in linseed oil on antique linen sheet, glued on board.

- Music as Variation

In music, sound becomes an interior light, the image in painting also becomes an interior sound, so also the word in poetry vibrates with invisible and inaudible light and sound, so everything feeds the soul in the place of its non-appearance.

The moments escape, modulated by a resignation. We are accomplished, and only in the sinking we recognize ourselves. In generating trace or sign. While waiting, we remember the absents, choices that speak about being there, a space reconceived, intact of a proper belonging. Faces, eyes, voices, inertia, bodies that fluctuate but not always as a source, but as spring water, it is the darkness that accompanies us. Window of a soul to be explored, lines, furrows, parched earth, natural sowing, why catharsis, why silence. In operating, everything is already expressed and in the darkness of the vase both content and container are expressed.

Stars and galaxies, hearts that search in the space of cosmic nebulae, eyes in the dark. I believe light and space are one, darkness itself is impregnated with light. I recall landscapes, and visions are formed over the years. I try to overcome the objective and the subjective. Basically, in the representation, object and subject interpenetrate each other, as in real space and light, matter and spirit.

In time we are at the center, close to the being; but being is a threshold, the threshold of infinity. I believe the universe itself is a great time-temple commuted to a clock.

Today for what mankind knows in the field of physics, the advent of the age of the spirit could already be said to have been achieved, but instead everything is transformed into an absolute machine; one might hope that the machine (clock) is connected to the spirit. I think the same mistake is believing that the spirit is absolute.

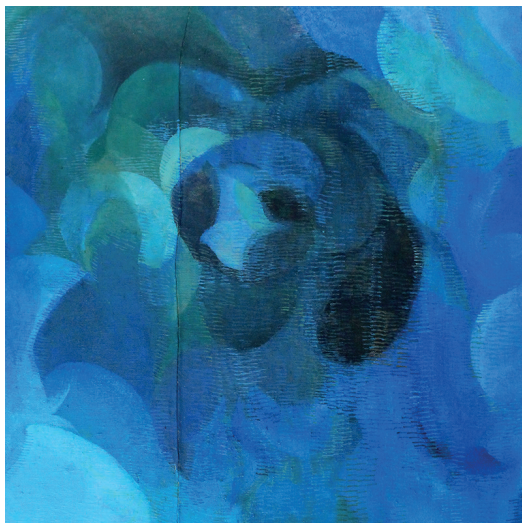
We are footprints of land/ overwhelmed by a wave of joy/ in the
darkness of the night
Hot in the dry, cold in the humid
Reading the footsteps/ taking the form of what was there/ always/
it mirrors them within itself and absorbs them in the volume



Granite table at the studio, transformation collected of oxides and earth-stones and mineral congregations. Collection carried out along the Via del Ferro in Val Morobbia-Ti-CH

Photo: Loredana Müller





Mythologema *tre-mare* [three-sea] memorum, 100 x 100 cm. 2021

© Loredana Müller. Dirt and oxides in linseed oil on antique linen sheet, glued on board.

- Reverberation as self

As the water of the sea invades footprints of sand, here on earth it reads them, feels them, runs through their shape, erases them, but it does not see pain nor pleasure, because there seems to be written only joy and it becomes one with them.

To be contemplated, in beauty the content, beyond the eye through the eyes, an active inner eye in a membrane space between wake and sleep, between consciousness and unconsciousness, between stone and sky: I see a sleeping moon invaded by a sea of light where an eye, like a motionless vessel, runs through it with its gaze.

The forces in nature trigger action and movement in space-time, even in the biological sphere;

On the other hand, the feeling, as a point or as a continuous, is outside space-time, and inhabits the non-place and the non-time memory, in which it reveals several natural characteristics: hunger for food, for love, for knowledge, for feeling as consciousness of all the various forces and movements, it is therefore a non-force for being punctual and non-variant. In fact, I don't think feeling is a force, instead it seems the mystery of the revelation of natural dynamics in a conceptual form.

The conceptual form is the representation of the feeling or feeling that is consciousness.

The representation is like the reflection in a screen, you can also understand it as a "black body" or a furnace, as an individual dimension that never leaves itself, and it is the substantial condition of men: the Platonic cave, there cannot be a judgement.

In fact, consciousness continuously enters and exits from the furnace of concepts. There is a barrier in us, a wall that we do not always notice, it is the same perceptual dimension that acts as a screen for sensoriality. On one hand it manifests it, on the other hand it limits it in a form. It is like a fabric through which the meshes are captured but the light flows, perhaps a perceptive barrier that cannot be overcome except by reaching the transparency of its



Mythologema aria vitae, 100 x 100 cm. 2021

© Loredana Müller. Dirt and oxides in linseed oil on antique linen sheet, glued on board.

intimate substance, a “tunnel effect”, we go beyond, without seeing the beyond itself but seeing that there is a beyond. I believe beyond the subjective and the objective, since both, in their interaction constitute the barrier and the screen, beyond and on this side of the wall there is being, but we often distinguish only the barrier.

Of course, it is impossible to have a definite understanding of metaphysics through the logic of our mind, it is like trying to pour the sea into a puddle, St. Augustine teaches; but this does not prevent the man from tasting a few sips of that water with his little mental glass, and then remaining ecstatic in the intoxication of subtle emotions: above all, looking in the metaphor for a support for his limit of direct understanding. Chasing these evanescent traces of thought that sometimes are presented to the imagination.



Organic wall, 100 x 100 cm, 2021

© Loredana Müller, Lichens and inks generated on iris-rice paper on table.

- Language or Event

We write thoughts, suggestions, intuitions, executions of making art in antiphonal form, with the corollary of "teaching". The guidelines are enlightening, enthralling, animated by a great inner strength. Absolutely engaging. Verbally presenting what will be followed by the exercise, has the gift of a vigorous pulling force, that force which arises from strong, rooted convictions. Attempting the path of confusion and similarly creating rational perplexities is a way of putting everything back into play, and there finding the drive to "make the invisible visible" as Klee also claimed. But there is another way to follow and it is the other way around, it is to approach the mystery of expressing oneself through images "making the visible invisible", demolish the known, create the void to model/ modulate the uncreated with a demiurgic act, an act that would perhaps also require a preliminary long concentration/ meditation as in the practice of the great oriental masters, the boundaries of the body and mind.

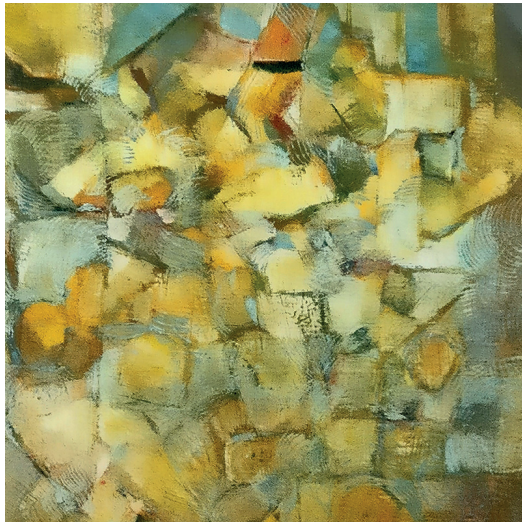
Is it possible that the self-awareness of being as being is a more extended and broader vibration than the oscillating and multiform psychophysical self-awareness, thus overcoming its boundaries and conditions? In fact, there is a logic of things that is abstract with respect to the existential logos.

This logic of things must however be investigated in depth, that is, known, but there is no need in it, even if it is mechanical.

Necessity can be seen paradoxically precisely in the freedom connected to being itself. Beyond the limits of the body, necessarily.

Is there perhaps an ontic vibration that transparently superimposes on itself vibrations of the body and soul, therefore in space-time adjacency whose extremes hide in the depth of infinity, being wider than those of the body, overcoming time and space?

Perhaps keeping traces of memory of the encounters with bodies and souls. What is certain is that we never cease to discover nature, which means living it, through the storm.



Horus and Elios, 100 x 100 cm. 2021

© Loredana Müller. Dirt and oxides in linseed oil on antique linen sheet, glued on board.

- Metaphor

Is it possible to metaphorically interpret the concept of perception as a standing wave resonating with a consciousness?

It would seem so.

The standing wave oscillates between two fixed points and thus bounces inside that enclosure.

For example, the lute strings are stretched and hooked at their ends, resting on the structure of the instrument.

The vibration along the string is then generated when two realities collide: the hooks that fix it on one side, and the touch of the musician on the other.

Just like the wind on the flesh and the flesh on the heart, which make the body and mind vibrate with several sensorial modularities, meeting points between inside and outside, enclosed in the intimate sacredness of a person.

The sensory consciousness is a vibrating form in a body, delimited, just like the strings of a lute, modulated according to the attachment points... deep wave or slight tension.

Where do the senses and their consciences connect?

Are they all inside knots?

Are all sensations the same?

Despite its enclosed vibrating, the lute string emanates sound waves, expanding, beyond the limits of its substantial form.

That's what is like the sensation, which emanates by expanding something of oneself externally: love... hunger... and perhaps even every thought, said or hidden, is transported into the sound of oneself...

Kärjäkivet is an independent publishing project of thought and criticism of art and architecture that was born from an artistic research around the unbuilt Saivaara Monument designed in 1978 by the legendary Finnish artist Tapio Wirkkala for the Saivaara fjeld in Lapland. The publication has been achieving, not in form but in content, the concept of Kärjäkivet that Tapio Wirkkala wanted for the Saivaara Monument: the creation of a place where men of all races and colors can gather to think. In this sense, there is an online platform - www.karajakivet.com - where several invited authors are able to gather through small literary constructions produced by them, sharing their ideas about architecture, art and culture in general, in a sort of modern-day assembly.

Evoking the place that Tapio Wirkkala wanted to create at the top of the Saivaara fjeld, Kärjäkivet meant to be a place of slowness and introspection where to stop, "observe the landscape" that surrounds us and think.



KÄRJÄKIVET

Finnish word meaning “court stones” or “circle of stones”: places of judgment (originally iron age graves), where judgments were held and justice carried out, accordingly to the Finnish National Board of Antiquities.

In the ancient times, they were important places where the primitive leaders of the North got together in order to discuss and decide about common matters.

www.karajakivet.com

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